

The hens are selfishly using all the egg food for the sole purpose of getting fat.

When we can vote by touching a button the women should be proficient in the useful art.

A Korean mob has wrecked an American trolley car at Seoul. Dispute over a transfer, probably.

Felix Adler wants to know why a wife ought to obey her husband. Mrs. Adler is to be congratulated.

It is claimed that Scotch whisky in this country is not so good as it used to be. But that seems hardly credible.

Maude Gonne is a ma, and will for a while at least be more interested in baby foods than in the Irish question.

Warships are always a safe investment. Wars threaten frequently enough to make a constant market for them.

Long Island sound was frozen from New Haven to Hell Gate—which is evidence that Hell Gate is not rightly named.

One day the war cloud in the East is larger than a man's hand, and the next day it is smaller than a society girl's foot.

The American "hello" is a part of the language wherever the telephone is used. But the American hello girl is all our own.

Smith Paine of Wolfboro, N. H., cut an old-growth pine recently that scaled 1,300 feet. There are a few of the old masts left.

Prominent New York men have given a complimentary dinner to Prof. Langley, but would they risk their lives in his aerodrome?

The most distressing thing about slippery sidewalks is that somebody always happens to be looking when your foot goes heavenward.

The adoption of the automobile, with its gasoline tank, by the empress of China brings her within the sphere of Mr. Rockefeller's influence.

Gen. Joe Wheeler says that he is deeply interested in war, but hardly at all in politics. And yet war is only politics carried to an extreme.

If an ordinary old one-dollar bill harbors 98,000,423 germs, how many could get board and lodging on a veteran twenty-dollar note of commerce?

President Loroe says the fear of poverty is one great drawback to success. All that's necessary for him who wishes to succeed is to get rich first. How easy!

Basketball has become most popular among the girls in some of the women's universities, but it usually gives place in time to the saner game of market basket.

Many a man whose brain is something under the 54-ounce record of George Francis Train can remember days when it certainly felt as if it weighed 54 pounds.

They have just had a riot in the French chamber of deputies. Evidently the deputies feel that it is about time to let the world know that France is herself again.

Mme. Patti refused to appear in Butte, alleging that the altitude would have a bad effect on her voice. The effect of the altitude of the price on the audience is not stated.

Who would have thought that a question of precedence in entering a reception room or of the location of seats at a dinner table would jar the impressive dignity of the Supreme court?

The editor of the Cosmopolitan gave a dinner to Prof. Langley at the Waldorf, which was pronounced a great success. It is the first successful affair participated in by the professor for some time.

Some of the people who are not kept busy earning their living have taken up for discussion the old question, "Should a genius marry?" Of course each of the discussors speaks from personal knowledge.

Prof. Harper sneered at Boston as being "narrow and provincial," and Boston never said a word. Then one of his faculty called Boston "pseudo-monocytiledonous," and now there is going to be trouble!

A St. Paul man has secured a verdict against Russell Sage, which calls on him to pay \$7,500. If Uncle Russell survives this blow there will be no reason to fear that he isn't strong enough to get through the winter all right.

At Great Neck, L. I., a widow with a fortune of \$1,000,000 recently married a poor young man whom she had known only two weeks. Still, there are plenty of men who will go right on striving so that their widows may be left rich.

# THE LAST of the SICILIAN BRIGANDS

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

The notion is still prevalent in this country that Sicily, that beautiful, sun-kissed isle lapped in Mediterranean blue, is largely populated by brigands, whose picturesque employment forms the staple industry of the island. This is an international libel on a people whose educational system is at the present moment probably superior to our own. Sicily, in the matter of crime, is quite abreast of the most up-to-date civilization, and can boast pickpockets, embezzlers, coopers, innkeepers and all the modern refinements. From a sentimental and fine art point of view it is a sad loss, but the Sicilian brigand has been consigned to that limbo which long ago received the romantic personality of his jack-booted confrere, the highwayman. The onward march of industry, irrigation and the Bersaglieri has been too much for him. The few remaining practitioners of the craft

was able to levy tribute from the rich by a mere threat conveyed from a distance. He was ruthless in his dealings with those whom he considered oppressors. On one occasion Leone sent word to a powerful nobleman, whose palace stood in the suburbs of the gay city of Palermo, that unless the rents of certain poor tenants were reduced, he would exact vengeance. The warning was naturally ignored, beyond strengthening the guard around the palace. But one moonless night the nobleman's lady awoke to find the windows of her bedroom forced open, and saw two terrifying figures step from the balcony into the room. It was Leone and his lieutenant. A poignard at her breast enforced silence, and the poor lady, a famous society beauty, had to submit unresisting while her head was shorn of its dark tresses and her eyebrows shaved off. No further harm was done



A Family Courtyard.

will soon be conserved in the Balkan states and the Turkish empire.

It is not long ago, however, since certain districts in Sicily were infested by bands of brigands, who were frequently a terror to the countryside, and lorded it in their mountain retreats in a thoroughly feudal style. Sicilians on the sunny side of fifty can remember the romantic career of one brigand chief whose name will go down to posterity with a halo of admiration around it, and who may fairly be called the Robin Hood of Sicily.

The career of this remarkable character is probably unparalleled in modern times. A barrister of good family, cultured and handsome, before he was 30 years old suddenly found himself, from being a welcome figure in the drawing rooms of Palermo, a proclaimed outlaw. Leone fell madly in love with a wealthy young lady of one of the proudest families in Sicily. Her relations would not hear of such a union, and the young lawyer was summarily dismissed. Leone, as hot-blooded a young Romeo as the fancy could paint, endeavored to see his lady love. An encounter took place between the lover and the young lady's father and brothers, in which revolvers were used on both sides. The father and one of the brothers were killed in the fight, and Leone fled to the mountains with a price upon his head. He succeeded, partly, no doubt, by the help of friends who sympathized with the unhappy young man in his distress, in eluding the best efforts of the civil guard to ar-

rest him, and gradually got around himself a band of followers. The poorer classes and the peasantry, to whom Leone was always a friend, grew to idolize the brigand chief, but the rich and well-to-do soon had cause to dread his name. No scheme was too daring, no adventure too foolhardy, for Leone and his band, who knew every path and cave among the mountains, and were always sure of being apprised of the movements of the troops told off to run them down. When the exasperated troops seemed to have the band at last in their very clutches, the brigands would melt away like snow among the mountains, and word would come of their sudden reappearance and renewed activity in another part of Sicily.



Toilet in Doorway.

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So powerful did he become that he

to the afflicted lady, and Leone and his companion left, as they had come, unseen. When it was thought that the pursuit was hot upon his trail, Leone out of sheer bravado would visit his friends in Palermo, and sit at table with them, while the sounds of cavalry patrols in the street without came through the drawn shutters which kept out the Sicilian sun. The end came at last in a manner befittingly romantic. Some dark-eyed Sicilian Delilah, commissioned to betray Leone's trusted lieutenant, caught the secret of Leone's hiding place among the mountains from the man's lips, and the place was surrounded by several regiments during the night. It was a cave in the precipitous side of a mountain, with one narrow ledge as the only means of approach. Leone recognized that the game was played, and ordered his followers to surrender, knowing that most of them could make their peace with the authorities on comparatively light terms, and that it was he alone who could hope for nothing. The desperate outlaws took a reluctant and sorrowful adieu of their chief, and gave themselves up to the troops below. For days the famous brigand rested secure in his retreat, to assail which in the face of even a single rifle would have been madness. The mystery was how Leone obtained food.

At length, high up upon the mountain, a peasant was caught in the act of rolling down a goat at night to the beleaguered man. Henceforth a guard

## SUNDAY ON THE FARM.

Delights the Town Man Misses on His Life's Journey.

On Sunday mornings years ago, when I used to come and salt the sheep in this same field with dad.

The little clouds that floated round I thought were bits of wool. The sky was blue as 'tis to-day and calm and beautiful.

Now dad is gone, and mother, too; they lie up on the hill. Just by that clump of popple trees beyond the old red mill.

For Time has kept a-creeping on and you and I are men. And little Robbie thinks the thoughts that I was thinking then.

There's a brown thrasher in the tree that stands there on the knoll. Just hear the little tyke-a-spillin' his immortal soul!

Our preacher says that man alone has got a soul, and that's the thought that I was thinking then.

I know the city pretty well, I lived there once a while. But I was the homesickiest boy you'd find the very horses on the street looked sad.

There wa'n't no colts a-friskin' round nor lambs as I could see.

So when in June the breezes blew across the prairie west, I packed my gun and told 'em I had got enough. I guessed!

Of course there's city folks who keep their faith in God and man. Though if they stay there all the while I don't see how they can!

We've had our troubles, wife and I; we buried little Bob. Upon that slope we made her grave—a green and sunny spot.

And death will never more to me seem terrible and grim. Since I have seen my little girl a-smilin' up at him.

And often now I come out here and set me down a spell. When rustling leaves and waving grain seem whispering "All is well."

I wish that all who'd like to feel their dead are safe from harm. Could come out here and spend with me a Sunday at the farm.

—F. L. Rose in Chicago Record-Herald.

Slave as King's Son-in-Law.

"Black Bill," the oldest resident of Fiji, has died at Levuka at the age of 86. He was born a slave on a plantation in one of the southern States of America in 1817, but he ran away and got on board a ship bound for Berwick-on-Tweed, where he called himself William Berwick. A Berwick whaling ship, on which he sailed for the South Pacific, was wrecked on the Samoan islands, where "Black Bill" married a Samoan. He left Samoa fifty years ago and went to Fiji, where King Cakobau gave him one of his daughters in marriage on condition that he acted as his interpreter and became his slave for seven years.

Where Lions Are Pictifol.

People who become enthusiastic over the pursuit of big game will be glad to learn that a large increase in the supply of African lions has recently been noticed by travelers, especially in the Sabi district. A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette says it is common to see a troop of twenty or thirty lions galloping over the hills, and they frequently get upon the railway tracks, to the bitter discomfort of the engineers and firemen. Upon one occasion, it is related, a large daddy lion sat upon a station platform when a passenger train arrived. The station master and the porter were there, also—inside of the lion. Under these circumstances we should say that being a railroad station agent in Africa must be hazardous.

Three in Chinese.

Religious superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs, and the sacred person of the emperor when he was in his Pekin home could only be approached, even by the highest officials, after three times three prostrations. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism points either to three or its multiples.

Educated "Heathen Chinese."

A Baltimore girl staying in San Francisco, thought to make herself intelligible by talking what she termed a fine example of pidgin English to the laundryman. Therefore she thus addressed him: "Me no like my washee brought home Friday. Me like washee Thursday. Why you no blingee washee Thursday?" and the Chinaman replied: "Madame, it was not convenient."

Ships to Sail on Land.

# Customs and Manners MOROCCO

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

Not even Palestine, which blooms as a garden under the early spring rains, can compare with the land of Morocco. There the earth seems to be clothed with rainbows, and garlands of brilliant flowers are spread at your feet. Your horse treads on wild mint and purple aromatic thyme, and the air is filled with their fragrance. A rich purple carpet of viper's bugloss has a heavy border of pimpernel, scarlet and rose. Bluebells lie like an imperial mantle,



Moroccan Soldier.

fringed with the azure of borage and bordered with the pink white blooms of anemone.

Morocco is a delightful country for travel for the man who is sufficiently equipped and who seeks new sensations with a spice of danger. It is singularly free from roads or bridges,



Water Carrier.

and the customs and manners of the people are as in the days of Abraham. A traveler who has breathed the air of the Arabian and African deserts and of the high veldts and who has tasted the wild freedom of the Australian bush declares that no experience surpasses a ride in Morocco, known to the Romans as Mauritanica.

Roused at dawn by the movement of the camp, you turn out of your tent to see the horses fed and saddled and to scold the muleteers into making preparations for the march. No child can be more wayward and no mule more obstinate than a Moor; yet no one is more easily managed by a little firmness and good temper. A joke will stem the torrent of tumultuous protest and turn it to laughter. A cigarette or a pinch of snuff will melt the heart of a hadji who has done the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the gift of a knife or a pair of scissors will give you a whole village for a friend.

Tents and equipments are packed on the mules and all the caravan is in motion. You will have breakfast of eggs and chickens and dates, in which the country abounds, and are ready for a thirty-mile ride.

The land is full of the charm of variety. In a day's journey you may cross a wide plain covered with palmetto or dwarf palm and pass by groves of olive and fig and walnut and orange and organ trees. The cool shade of a locust, a juniper, or even a sharp-pointed aloe or a prickly pear will tempt you to lunch and repose during the heat of the day upon the bank of some purling stream.

The ride on horseback to Tetuan from Tangier occupies about nine hours. An escort of two Moorish cavalymen is necessary, as numbers of wild tribesmen are continually moving about the country, and there is always a certain amount of danger in meeting them. Native runners do the journey in eight hours for five shillings.

One dollar per day is charged for each soldier, and in return, if the tour-

ist is robbed, the governor of the district sweeps down on the villages near the scene of the robbery and makes them pay one hundred-fold for the stolen goods. Whether the unlucky stranger gets any part of the fine is another question.

Tetuan is surrounded by walls over fifty feet high and six feet thick, surmounted by brass cannons at various points. There are two enormous gates—the sea gate and the land gate—which are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset.

I arrived at Tetuan at 9 o'clock at night on my journey from Fez, one wet night in March, and it was nearly an hour before I could gain admission into the city.

The fast of the Ramadan was on at the time, and all true Mohammedans refrained from eating, drinking or smoking from sunrise to sunset. The Tetuanites obeyed the Koran implicitly, and turned the night into day. That is, they slept all day and worked at night.

The city of Tetuan is thoroughly Oriental in its appearance. Boots dyed in various brilliant colors and silk-weaving are two of the most important manufactures.

The descendants of the Moors who made their race world famous are to be found only in Tetuan.

They are magnificent specimens of manhood, the majority of them over six feet in height, with fair complexions, dark beards and high foreheads.

Their walk is as dignified and stately in the dirty streets of Tetuan as it was in their palmy days at Seville and Granada.

Many of the old families still have the keys of their lost mansions in Spain, which have been handed down religiously from father to son with the hope that one day the Moors will



Wood Carrier.

return to the land from which they were banished.

The Kabyles are a warlike tribe, who are always fighting with some one, and, in default of foreign foes, they will fight among themselves. In peaceful moments they devote themselves to making terrible-looking daggers and stealing chickens.

Whenever Morocco is thrown open to the world there will be plenty of fortunes to be made, as the mineral wealth of the country is enormous.



Wood Carrier.

the soil is most fertile, and no concessions have been granted to anyone.

Railroads and machinery are practically unknown, and Morocco is a virgin country as far as civilization is concerned.

The country is intersected by numerous rivers which flow down the Atlas mountains, and the climate in most parts is healthy, and can be improved by sanitary measures, which are absent at present. Except in the towns, Morocco is very sparsely inhabited.